

were fourteen horses, including my own two, and several buffaloes. The Kurds had dug through the roof of the granary opposite mine, and through its wall into the stable, and were on the point of driving out the horses through the common passage when the hardy mountaineers rushed upon them. The same night, though it was light and clear, another house in Gahgoran was dug into, and a valuable horse belonging to a man in the Patriarch's train was abstracted. A descent was also made on the neighbouring village of Vasivawa, which has suffered severely. Eight *zaptieks* employed by the villagers at a high price to watch the threshing-floor, and my own *zaptieh* escort, were close at hand.

Horses having at last been obtained from a Kurdish Bey, I left on Tuesday, the Gahgoran people being stupefied with dismay at the growing audacity of the Kurds. The mountain road was very dangerous, but I travelled with Mar Gauriel and his train, thirteen well armed and mounted men, besides armed servants on foot. The ice was half an inch thick, but the sun was very hot. The mountain views were superb, and the scenery altogether glorious, but the passes and hillsides are not inhabited. We were ten hours on the journey, owing to the custom of frequent halts for smoking and talking.

In the afternoon a party of Syrians with some unladen baggage mules came over the crest of a hill, preceded by a figure certainly not Syrian. This was a fair-com-plexioned, bearded man, with hair falling

over his  
shoulders, dressed in a girdled cassock  
which had once  
been black, tucked up so as to reveal some  
curious nether  
garments, Syrian socks, and a pair of rope  
and worsted  
shoes, such as the mountaineers wear in  
scaling heights.  
On his head, where one would have  
expected to see a  
college "trencher," was a high conical cap of  
white felt  
with a *pagri* of black silk twisted into a  
rope, the true